The Conceited Lover,

OR

The enamoured young man,

His Betty is in his conceit the rareſt
Juſt like the Crow which thinks her own bird faireſt,
He deeply is enamoured you muſt know,
Which makes him in her praiſe to overflow,
He highly doth commend her ſhe's ſo pritty,
As if that none but he had ſuch a Betty.
The Tune is I prithee Love turn to me, &c.

COme Betty why art thou ſo baſhful
Come give me a kiſs for a pledge,
For why I have vow'd to be faithful
And by Love I will freely engage,
Sit down whilſt the Birds are a ſinging
And by fame I will ſpread to the ſky,
That all the whole world may ſee & behold
what a pretty ſweet Betty have I.

Then do not thou bluſh for the matter
What I do thy praiſes ſet forth
For beauty I know not to flatter,
Since thou art a girl of great worth
Whatever the world can imagine
The ſame will I ſay till I dye,
Whoever he be, he plainly may ſee
Thy forehead is prittily raiſed
And thy hair like the Amber doth ſhine,
Each feature deſerves to be praiſed
Thy beauty is almoſt Divine,
Thy ſparkling eyes & thy cherry cheeks
With thy lips of a crimſon Dye
Doth make me to ſay by night & by day
what a, &c.

Thy body ſo neat and ſo tender
Thy middle and every part,
Thy fingers ſo ſmall and ſo ſlender
Hath ſtoln away my poor heart,
For a Leg & a foot, & another thing too
Believe me I ſcorn for to lye
Whoever ſhall ſee thy day & I bold may ſay
what a, &c.

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THer's n. ber a Girl in the City
That can with my Betty compare,
She is so compleat and so pretty
So beautiful and so rare,
Oh how it doth ravish my fences
To have her still in my eye
It lightens my heart, and every part
to think what a Betty have I.

As through the woods we are walking
Abroad in the prime of the Spring
Of love we are pleasantly talking
while ft pritty birds sweetly sing,
And strain forth their notes to please us
And chirp it melodiously
What pleasure it is, to take a sweet kiss,
and to say what a Betty have I.

The woods and the Groves do invite us
Our pleasures abroad for to take
The flowers in the meadows delight us
Whil'ft we pritty posies do make
We sport away time for a fancy,
Where no body can us espy
By hony, my dear come sit thee down here,
what a pretty sweet Betty have I.

See where little Cupid is sporting
Alone by that fair rivers side
Where Lovers are often resorting
His arrows he closely doth hide
He pluckt out a dart & he wounded my heart
Which make me aloud for to cry
Now I am in love and I plainly will prove
what a pretty sweet Betty have I.

I'le have thee most richly attir'd
In gold like Diana the fair
By all men thou shalt be admir'd
No Nymph ever seem'd so rare;
I'l deck thee sweet Posies and Garlands
which shall be most fair to the eye,
And all my delight shall be in thy sight
what a pretty sweet Betty have I.

What ever my Betty requires
With speed I will quickly procure
New fashions or what thou desires
Be it never so fine and so pure
I'l strain my estate for to please thee
Believe me I hate for to lie,
So I have the bliss, for to take a sweet kiss,
and to say what a Betty have I.

Then prithee be merry and chearfull
Let sorrow be banisht away
For thou hast no cause to be fearful
Why will I will ever obey,
If fortune befriend my intentions
I care not a trip of a Dye (fear
The time will draw near when I need not to
for to say what a Betty have I.

And so my sweet Betty I'l leave thee
Because we at present must part,
Be sure I will never deceive thee
For why thou enjoyest my heart
The time will seem long till I see thee
And have thee to lye by my side
What joy and what bliss, it will be for to kiss
and have Betty to be my sweet bride,

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